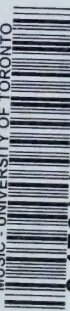



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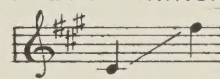
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HEALEY WILLAN

No 1 in E minor



No 2 in F# minor



Drake's Drum

THE POEM
BY

NORAH M. HOLLAND

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"The Musical Times" of August, 1931, says of "The Modern Piano Student," by Boris Berlin and Ernest MacMillan; "There is a wealth of excellent material in this well-planned comprehensive work, which should prove useful to teachers of any 'School'."

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Drakes drum is beating along the coasts of Devon:
 Mariners, O Mariners, who warred so well with Spain
 Lo the foe is here once more! Leave the ports of Heaven
 Haste across the Jasper sea and drive them home again

all the streets of Paradise echo to its rattle
 Golden roads tremble to the chime of tramping feet
 Hawkins, Drake & Frobisher are marching forth to battle
 "Peter, open wide the gates, we're out to join the fleet."

Pinnace, caravel, caroque - many a galleon drifting
 Shadowy scuds of old renown upon the shadowy sea
 Ghostly voices through the mists; "Lo, the white cliffs drifting:
 Heavens streets for those who will, but Devons shores for me"

Drakes drum is beating along the coasts of Devon
 Calling, as in days of yore, it called to vanquish Spain
 Drake and Blake & Raleigh, they have left the ports of Heaven
 Homing back across the stars to Englands cliffs again

Drake's Drum

Words by Permission of Norah M. Holland

Music by Healey Willan

Voice *Marcato*

Piano *ff*

Drake's drum is —

beat - ing a - long the coasts of De - von: "Ma - ri - ners, — O Ma - ri - ners, who

warred so well with Spain, Lo, the foe is here once more!

Leave the ports of Hea - ven, Haste a - cross the jas - per sea, —

— and drive them home — a - gain." —

All the streets of Pa - radise e - cho to its rat - tle -

Gold - en roads a - trem - ble to the chime of tramp - ing feet;

f a tempo

Haw - kins, Drake and Fro - bi-sheer are march - ing forth to bat - tle:

"Pe - ter, o - pen wide the gates. ——— We're out to join the fleet," ———

ff colla voce *f* *ff*

Pin - nace, ca - ra-vel, caracque—

mf *rall.* *mf a tempo*

ma - ny a gal-le-on drift-ing— Sha - dowy sails— of old re - nown—

mp *mp*

up-on the sha - dowy sea; Ghost - ly

p

voi - ces through the mists; "Lo, the white cliffs lift - ing; Hea - ven's streets for

cresc. *f*

cresc.

those who will, but De - von's shores for me."

cresc.

poco accel. *marc.*

poco rit.

4/4

f

Drake's drum is— beat-ing a-long the coasts of De-von, Call - -

- ing, as in days of yore it called to van-quish Spain; Drake and Blake and Ra-leigh, they have

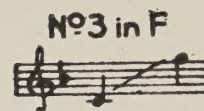
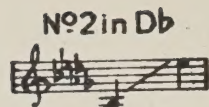
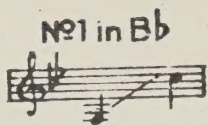
Largo al fine

left the ports of Hea-ven, Hom-ing back a-cross the stars to Eng-land's cliffs a-

- gain.

a tempo e marcato

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*



Since thou, O fondest and truest

Words by Permission of Robert Bridges

Music by Healey Willan

Voice *Nobilmente* *mf*

Since thou, O fond - est and tru - est, Hast

Piano *p* *sempre sostenuto*

loved me best — and lon - gest — And now with trust —

the stron - gest The joy — of my —

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